The Cock-pit Combate:

IN

A Dialogue between an *East-India Tyger*, and a *High-German Wolf*; concerning the late terrible Battel at the *Cock-Pit* between our *English* Bull-Dogs and the *Tyger*, on *Thursday* the 9th of *March*, 1699.

WITH

The Bull-Dogs Complaint against *Wolves* and *Tygers* in general.

To which is added,

A *Sayter* on the *Cock-Pit* Combate.

WHY mayn't a *Wolf* and a *Tygar* as well hold a Diſpute, (being living as well as furious Creatures) as the bare reſemblance of a *Graſhopper* and a *Dragon*, two Braſs Weather-Cocks, who are ſo far from having Life, that they are altogether without Motion too, unleſs when a puft of Wind performs it for them; and at beſt, their motions are very uncertain, ſometimes looking one way, and ſometimes another; but for the *Wolf* and *Tygar* they are both by nature always fierce and cruel, and deſperately violent; and if they or either of them at any time happen to be otherwiſe, it is more than we can expect, therefore known to be very ravenous Bruits, the latter of which having had a furious Encounter with four of our Engliſh Dogs, and having been hard put to it, his Worſhip is conſequently ſo much out of humour, that he thinks the High German *Wolf* is confederating with our Engliſh Bull-Dogs to take his Life away; and truly one can't blame him for't neither, if all is conſidered, for the old ſaying is, *Odds will beat the Devil*; therefore in order to know his Friends from his Foes, he is reſolved to diſcourſe the *Woolf* about the Premiſes, and laſt *Saturday* Night the ſaid Conference began near the *Caſtle* and *Faulcon* by *Alderſgate*, at the Young Wolf's head-quarters, which I have inſerted Verbatim as followeth.

Tygar. Brother, (for we are ſo by nature) I am glad I have met with thee, conſidering we are both ſtrangers in this Country, we ought to unite in Friendſhip; for I aſſure thee this to thy comfort, here's abundance of ſnarling Curs to encounter with: I ſuppoſe you have heard what a hard tug I had with ſome of 'em yeſterday at the *Cock-Pit*.

Wolf. Oh now I underſtand you, the word *Cock-Pit* is enough of it ſelf; but pray how did you come off there?

Tygar. Why truly very wretchedly, for no ſooner was I brought to the Stake, but a plaguy Engliſh great Mouth'd Bull-Dog was let looſe upon me, and after him three more; but I think I gave the firſt his fatal Breakfaſt.

Wolf. Aye, but that made the other more enraged, and the rather becauſe they know you to be an *Eaſt-India* Beaſt, and newly come from thence; for let me tell you, any thing that ſounds like the Name of an *Eaſt-India* Company (but eſpecially of *Tygars*) it makes the Bull-Dogs ſtark mad to be at 'em.

Tygar. But hold, Mr. Kill-Sheep, pray tell me how you came by all this knowledge ſo ſoon, having been here but a little while? Beſides, you are but a young Brut neither, and have as little here by Birth-right as I have, nay, and now I think on't, a great deal leſs too; for your Predeceſſors were of the Race of the *High Germans*, alias *Dutch*, and no diſparagement to your Bruitiſhneſs; my Pedigree with the Engliſh has been of long ſtanding, witneſs the former and latter honourable *Eaſt-India* Companies.

Wolf. Pray don't trouble me with ſuch ſtale and far-fetch'd Antiquities, I am for the Preſent Tenſe; here I am, and here I'll keep in ſpite of any Bull-Dog of them all; your are a dull Bruit, and don't know how to behave your ſelf among 'em, you made them almoſt mad by ſhowing your Teeth, and grining at 'em: But I am forced to wag my Tail, and decoy 'em that way, for you know a *New Broom ſweeps clean.*

Tygar. Aye that's like your *High German* Tricks indeed: But for all that, if they were not a company of Mongrel-headed Curs, they might eaſily ſmell a Woolf in a Lamb's Skin: But why ſhould I talk of ſmelling, when many have loſt the uſe of their Eyes, which is a far more nobler ſence of the two.

Wolf. I confeſs there may be ſomething in that, as to their want of ſight; for 'tis obſervable they may be led, but they won't drive, which ſuits very much with the nature of Blind Folks you know. But to return to the *Cock-Pit*, pray by the way how did you come off with the other three Curs, you ſay the firſt earn'd his fatal Breakfaſt of ye.

Tygar. Why, to tell you truly, I almoſt tremble to think on't, for one of them (which I ſuppoſe was an old abdicated *Eaſt-India* Bull-Dog, by his Lean Grid-Iron ſides and angry looks) came at me with open Mouth, and ſeized me by the Throat with ſuch rudeneſs, that had not my Collar been Guniea (as well as Piſtol) proof, he had certainly ſtifled me for ever, but thanks to my Stars (for there are Bruitiſh as well as Humane Signs) I maintain'd my new Station very honourably, and by vertue thereof, I ſtill hold it, tho' with ſome difficulty.

Wolf. Well, I'm glad you come off ſo, for to be plain with you, 'tis a little hard for ſome of them to be kept out of their old and rightful ſtations (if I may ſo call it) by a Foreign *Tygar*, only by vertue of a damn'd plaguy thick quilted Collar; but this I ſpeak with humble ſubmiſſion to your Reverend Tigerſhip; I hope you'l impute what is amiſs to my Youthful Failings.

Tygar. Out upon ye, for a little naſty Animal, I may thank your Curſed Inſinuations and under-hand Confederacies with the Bull-Dogs, for all my paſt and preſent Misfortunes; I thought you came here for no goodneſs; if I had formerly followed your Heinin way of Funing and Diſſembling, I had been as free from Baiting (perhaps) as you have been. However, been't too prodigal neither, for Engliſh Bull-Dogs hates a *Wolf* as much as a *Tygar*, eſpecially when he begins to prey upon 'em, for tho' ſome, (as I ſaid before) are

not

not very quick-sited, they have Ears good enough to hear themselves *Wolf'd* back-stroke and fore-stroke; for tho' they don't see their Sheep worried, they can hear their Lambs cry for the loss of 'em; and then Bull-Dogs (perhaps) will as furiously hunt the Wolf as they have baited the Tyger.

Wolf. Very fine, Mr. *Spit-Fire*, I perceive you'l be well enough satisfied if I am but brought to the Stake too where you have been; No, no, I defye you and all your wooden Godds to bring that about, though I suppose nothing will be wanting on your part to accomplish that hopeful Task.

Tyger. Why truly Sir, if I should, 'tis no more than what you have done by me, when at the same time, I am sure you had the least Reason for it of any Bruit living on the face of the Earth; however when I go about to undertake that hopeful Task (as you call it) I'll take a more nobler method than you did; I won't Cringe, Lye, and Dissemble, to bring my Purpose about and tell a hundred fine Stories of easie priviledges and freedom, &c. and instead of it immediately give them nothing but Oppression, Slavery, Poverty and Ruin. Oh rare natur'd *Devil* indeed! here's more than you promised; Aye, and ten times more than was desired, tho' not half so much as they must expect from thy Wolfish Clemency, and yet not one Inch of priviledge or freedom from one end of the Chapter to the other.

Wolf. Well, I think 'tis now high time to avoid thy Company and Conversation too, for it begins to be as burthensome to me as it hath been to others; I see you begin to change Countenance, and to deal plainly, I don't like your Looks, since you have been hunted, neither do I well approve of those two curs'd, sharp, long, dreadful Teeth of yours, I am afraid they have been lately whetted and sharpned on a *French* Whet-stone; Faugh, here's a monstrous stink of a *Fox* as well as a *Tyger*; and if he be at your beck, I'll have nothing to say to ye, I mean in the way of Augres, for Old *Reynolds* has got the Laurel from us all; besides, what should you and I fall out for, be but a little moderate, and I'll discover more of the nature of the English Bull-Dogs, aye, and Mastiffs too (tho' you have been much longer among 'em) than you will ever find out while you live, therefore if ever you intend to settle among 'em, you must seem as mild as a Lamb, and talk of nothing but Reformation of Manners, Religion, Liberty and Property; never oppose them, unless they act dreadfully against your Interest, and that must be done with great Care and Caution too; But above all, please the Vulgar (*alias* Mob) for in them lies the very centre of your station, there being in all Countries more *Geese* than *Swans*; viz. more Fools than Wise Men.

Tyger. I remember an old phrase, *When the Fox Preaches, beware the Geese*; and if so, a Sermon can be no less dangerous from a *Wolf*, even to *Geese* and *Swans* both, tho' I own there are more Fools than Wise Men in most Countries (as you say) I don't like your Doctrine, of pleasing those Fools only because of their Number, and reject the wise Men because they are but few, that's the way to advance Ignorance, and banish Wisdom and Learning out of the World; and if that be your Method, keep it still, for I know of none will take it from you. I see you are as your old Custom, endeavouring to bring about that by Fraud and Cunning, which you dare not attempt only by force.

Wolf. Nay, since you reject my Counsel, I have no more to say, but wish you a happy Settlement; and for my part, I intend shortly to retire into the Den where I was Whelp'd, where I hope to spend in Peace the future part of my Wolfish days, without being in danger of running the Gantlet through a Regiment of hard-mouth'd Bull-Dogs as you have done; and indeed I can but tremble to think of the hardship you have met with.

Tyger. I believe your absence will prove as acceptable to all, or at least the most part of English Bull-Dogs, (whatever it may be to Mastiffs) as ever your presence has been; for though you have covered your Wolfish nature under the pretence of Mildness, Moderation, and abundance more praise-worthy Qualifications, yet those who had the use of their Eyes, plainly saw through the Counterfeit Paint and Varnish. But stay, before we part let's shake Hands and be Friends again, after all this bustle and bluster, for thou knowest we are near related to each other, tho' of late Years you seem'd not to mind it. — Hist, hist, here's some of the Bull-Dogs a coming, I'll set 'em Bark, speak not a word more. Farewel.

The

The *English* Bull-Dogs Complaint against the *High-German* Wolff and the *East-India* Tyger, humbly pleading for both their Baniſhments.

OF French, *and ſuch,*
We've had too much,
Their Wolves *and* Tygers *too*
But ſtill here's more
Comes Crowding O'er,
What muſt we Bull-Dogs do?
They'll tear our Maws
With their damn'd Claws,
And eat what ſhould us fill;
They'll ſhow's a Trick
Beyond Old Nick,
And Laugh while we lie ſtill.
And when that they,
Have got their Prey,
They'll ſwim away and leave us:
And while we mourn,
They'll Laugh's to ſcorn,
To let ſuch Fools deceive us.
Then all free Dogs,
Throw off your Clogs,
And hunt away theſe Bruits,
Who for our Seeds,
Would leave us Weeds,
And ſteal away our Fruits.
Theſe Foreign Beaſts,
Make here their Neſts,
So winning are their Arts,
For tho' our Curs
Their Tricks abhors,
Our Maſtiffs takes their parts,
The more is the pity,
Says the Bull-Dogs o'th City.

AN Over-grown *Cat*, of a very large ſize,
To the wonder of *Fools*, be it known to the *Wiſe*,
Some Twelve-months ago was brought o'er from the *Eaſt*,
Being grown from a *Kitten* to a wonderful Beaſt:
[illegible] and *Tyger*.
Our *Bear-Garden* Judges do ſay he's a *Tyger*.
Being Fam'd for his Fierceneſs, his Name, and his Nature,
The Town was all mad for a ſight of the Creature:
Who was Collar'd and Fetter'd his Courage to cool,
Then all were admitted at Three pence *per Fool*.
When each to his Beaſtlineſs had been a Bubble,
From Cobler and Crack, to the Knight and the Noble,
The *Cock-pit* was taken, and *Galleries* built,
To accommodate Lady, Lord, Bully, and Jilt;
Where Places where fitted from Guinea to Crown,
For the Worſhipful Squire, to the Man of the Town:
When the hour drew on, and each Longing Spectator,
Had taken their Seat in the *Cocks-combs Theatre*,
The *Tyger* was led down in Chains quickly after,
As [illegible] the Pit, as a Sheep to the Slaughter.
[illegible]
And the *Beaus* found no dan[illegible] devour'd,
Each Dog was led in by th[illegible] Maſter,
Who trembled for fear of his [illegible] Maſter.
The *Tyger* not us'd to the[illegible]-*Garden* play,
Was amaz'd when he found [illegible] got in a Fray,
It is ſaid by the Old *India* Company too,
'Twas the meereſt Sham-Battel that ever they knew.
Of this there's a great deal of ſtuff might be ſaid,
But I learn'd when a Boy, what I'm now paid,
A cloſe Mouth in many things makes a wiſe Head.

FINIS.

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